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MISCELLANIES,

&c.

MISCELLANIES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE:

CONTAINING

HE TRIUMPH OF THE WISE MAN OVER FORTUNE,

According to the Doctrine of the Stoics and Platonists;

THE

CREED OF THE PLATONIC PHILOSOPHER;

A PANEGYRIC ON SYDENHAM,

&c. &c.

BY THOMAS TAYLOR.

Untam'd by toils, unmov'd by *venal spite*,
Truth to disseminate I still *shall* write.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY C. WHITTINGHAM, DEAN STREET;

AND SOLD BY SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND UPHAM, NORTH PARADE, BATH.

1805.

PREFACE.

I REJOICE in the opportunity which is now afforded me of presenting to the liberal Reader a specimen of that heroic virtue, which was once taught in the porch and the academy, and which its preceptors once no less happily possessed, than splendidly promulgated. The sentiments, indeed, contained in the following Dissertation * are so truly sublime, and so calculated to raise man, even in his present degraded state, above the ordinary condition of humanity, that they evidently prove themselves to be the progeny of *genuine philosophy* and *genuine religion*, which always amicably and inseparably accompany each other.

In the example of Stilpo, which appears to me to be one of the most illustrious instances upon record of magnanimous endurance, the reader will see an unequivocal proof of that doctrine of the Stoics, Peripa-

* Nearly the whole of this Dissertation is extracted from the writings of Seneca and Plotinus.

tetics, and Platonists, that the *true man* is *intellect*, or the most excellent part of man; that the body is nothing more than the instrument of the rational soul; and that external possessions are, indeed, the good of the body, but are totally foreign to the exalted good of the mind. Such a doctrine, accompanied by such an example, while it adds vigour to the efforts of the virtuous, attacks with irresistible force that ignoble opinion of the Epicurean vulgar, that the body is a part of the man.

If, also, the author of the following pages be permitted to add his own testimony of the great advantages which may be derived in adversity from such sentiments and such examples; suffice it so say, that in a state of general bodily debility, which at present prevents him from any continued exertion, accompanied with a weakness in his hands, which almost totally incapacitates him from writing, and unfits him for public employment, he has found them to be a source of the most solid consolation, and an incentive to disinterested endurance. They have taught him to submit patiently to the will of Heaven, to follow intrepidly the order of the universe, and to abandon private advantage for general good. Having, therefore,

experienced such mighty benefits from these doctrines, he is anxious that others also may derive similar advantages from them; and trusts that the liberal reader will gratefully accept one effort more of a man, whose labours, though they have been unthankfully received by his countrymen, have nevertheless been invariably directed to their greatest good, and who, while life, and any portion of bodily strength remain, will still continue to exert himself for their benefit and that of posterity *.

Of this at least he is certain, that there is one man by whom this effort will be gratefully received; a man well known to

* The author also thinks it necessary to inform the liberal few, that, having completed a translation of Aritotle's Physics before he was in that debilitated condition of body which he is in at present, that translation is now printing, accompanied with the substance (in notes) of the invaluable Commentary of Simplicius; and it is his intention, though he fears, from his infirmities, that the progress will be slow, to publish a translation of the whole of Aristotle's works, with the elucidations of his best Greek interpreters. Fifty copies only will be printed of each volume of this work, and they will be disposed of by the translator alone; as his principal design in this arduous undertaking is, to transmit the philosophy of Aristotle to posterity, and prevent it from becoming an article of traffic.

every reader of his former productions; and a man whose decision, in the language of Heraclitus *, he considers as equivalent to that of a countless multitude.

The Creed of the Platonic Philosopher is added for the purpose of presenting the *intelligent* reader with a synoptical view of that sublime theology which was first obscurely promulgated by Orpheus, Pythagoras and Plato, and was afterwards perspicuously unfolded by their legitimate disciples; a theology which, however it may be involved in oblivion in *barbarous*, and derided in *impious* ages, will again flourish for very extended periods, through all the infinite revolutions of time. The reader who wishes to have a more ample view of it, may peruse the author's Introduction to his translation of Plato, from which the whole of this Creed is nearly extracted.

The Panegyric on Sydenham, and the other poetical pieces, were added at the request of the gentleman already alluded to.

* Εις εμοι ανθρωπος τρισμυριοι.

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THE

TRIUMPH OF THE WISE MAN

OVER FORTUNE, &c.

THE doctrine of the genuine Stoics and Platonists, concerning the constancy of the wise man, is no less paradoxical to the vulgar, though perfectly scientific, than the examples which they have given of the endurance of calamity are magnanimous and sublime; for what to the apprehension of the multitude can be more incredible, than the dogma, that a wise man can neither receive an injury nor contumely? That he may be a servant, and deprived of all the necessaries of life, and yet not be poor; that he may be insane, and yet his intellect remain uninjured? For the vulgar conceive that the wise man is not to be adorned with an imaginary honour of words, for such, in their opinion, are these assertions, but that he is to be situated in that place where no injury is permitted. Will there, however, we ask, be no one who will revile, no one who will attempt to injure him?

But there is not any thing so sacred which sacrilegious hands will not attempt to violate. Divine natures, however, are not less elevated, because there are those who will attack a magnitude placed far beyond their reach. The invulnerable is not that which may not be assaulted, but that which cannot be injured. And this is the mark by which a wise man may be known. Can it indeed be doubted, but that the power is more certainly strong which cannot be conquered, than that which cannot be attacked; for strength untried is dubious; but the force is deservedly considered as most sure which baffles all attacks. Hence the wise man is of a more excellent nature, if no injury can hurt him, than if he is beyond the reach of injurious attempts. As a wise man, therefore, of this kind, is obnoxious to no injury, it is of no consequence how many darts are hurled against him, since he is not penetrable by any. Just as the hardness of certain stones is unconquerable by iron; and just as some things cannot be consumed by fire, but preserve their rigour and mode of subsistence amidst surrounding flames. Thus, too, rocks swelling on high break the sea, and do not exhibit any vestiges of its rage, though for so many ages they have been lashed by its waves.

But it may be said, will there not be some one who will try to do an injury to the wise man?

Some one may attempt it indeed, but the attempt will be ineffectual; for he is removed from the contact of inferior natures by so great an interval, as to be beyond the reach of all noxious force. Hence, when potentates, kings, and men powerful by the consent of their vassals, attempt to hurt him, all their attacks fall as far short of the wise man, as the arrows discharged by the Thracians fall short of the Olympian gods. Or is it to be supposed, that when that foolish king obscured the day by the multitude of his darts, that any arrow struck against the sun? or that the chains which he threw into the deep could reach Neptune? As celestial natures escape human hands, and divinity is not hurt by those who plunder temples, or destroy statues, in like manner, whatever is done against the wise man, insolently, petulantly, and proudly, is done in vain. But it may be said, it would be better that there should be no one who would wish to act in this manner. He who says this, wishes for a thing very difficult to the human race—innocence. It is their concern, however, who are about to do an injury to the wise man, that it should not be done, and not his, who cannot suffer indeed, not even though it should be done. Perhaps, too, wisdom more exhibits its strength by being tranquil amidst attacks; just as the security of an emperor in the

land of his enemies is the greatest proof of his strength and the flourishing condition of his arms.

Again, the intention of an injury is to bring an evil on some one; but wisdom leaves no place for evil; for the only evil to wisdom is baseness, which cannot enter where virtue and worth reside. Injury, therefore, cannot reach the wise man; for if an injury is the being passive to some evil, but a wise man suffers no ill, no injury can reach the wise man. Again, every injury is a diminution of him who is injured; nor can any one receive an injury, without some detriment either of dignity, or body, or of external concerns; but a wise man can lose nothing; he has deposited every thing in himself; he trusts nothing to fortune, but solidly possesses his own good; content with virtue, which is not indigent of things fortuitous. Hence it can neither be increased nor diminished: for things which have arrived at the summit, afford no place for increase. Fortune takes away nothing except that which she gave; but she does not give virtue, and therefore does not take it away. Virtue is free, inviolable, unmoved, unshaken, and so hardened against casualties, that she cannot even be made to incline, much less can she be vanquished. At the apparatus of things of a terrible nature, she looks with

a direct eye, and suffers no change in her countenance, whether calamity or prosperity is presented to her view. Hence the wise man loses nothing of which he will perceive the loss; for he is in the possession of virtue, from which he can never be driven; and he uses every thing else as something different from his proper good. But who would be moved with the loss of that which is foreign to his concerns? If, therefore, an injury cannot hurt any of those things which are the property of a wise man, because they are safe through virtue, an injury cannot be done to a wise man. Demetrius, who was surnamed Poliorcetes *, had taken Megara, and Stilpo the philosopher being asked by him, whether he had lost any thing— "Nothing," said he, "for all that is mine is with me;" yet his patrimony was a part of the plunder, and the enemy had ravished his daughters, and captured his country. But he shook off victory from the conqueror, and testified, that though the city was taken, he himself was not only unconquered, but without loss; for he had with him true goods, upon which no hand can be laid. Whatever may be dissipated and plundered, he did not consider as his own, but as a thing adventitious, and which follows the nod of

* i. e. A besieger of cities.

fortune; and hence he did not love it as his proper good. Consider now, whether a robber, or calumniator, or neighbouring potentate, or any rich man, exercising the dominion of a desolate old age, could do any injury to this man, from whom war, and that enemy who professed the illustrious art of subverting cities, could take nothing away? Amidst swords every where glittering, and the tumult of soldiers intent on rapine; amidst flames, and blood, and slaughter; amidst the crash of temples falling on their gods*, there was peace to one man. It will not easily be believed that such strength or magnitude of mind can fall to the lot of man. Let us, however, suppose him to address us as follows:

"There is no reason that you should doubt whether man can raise himself above human concerns; whether he can securely behold pain, losses, ulcerations, wounds, and the violent motions of things raging round him; whether he can bear adversity placidly, and prosperity moderately, neither yielding to the former, nor trusting to the latter, but remaining one and the same amidst different circumstances, and conceiving nothing to be his own

* The ancients were not so stupid as to consider statues as in reality gods; but just as they called good men gods, from their *similitude* to the divine nature, so they denominated statues gods, from their adumbrating certain incorporeal powers of the divinities.

except himself, and his true self to be his most excellent part. The truth of this I will now prove to you. Under that subverter of so many cities, fortifications were thrown down by the battering-ram, lofty turrets were laid low, and formed a heap equal to the highest citadel, but no engines could be found capable of shaking a well established soul. I have just now escaped from the ruins of my house, and from burnings every where resplendent, I fled through flames, and through blood. What has been the destiny of my daughters, whether worse than that of the public, I know not. I alone, old, and seeing every thing about me hostile, nevertheless profess that my estate is entire and safe; I hold, I possess whatever I have of mine. There is no reason you should believe that I am vanquished, and that you are the victor. Your fortune has conquered my fortune. With respect to those fallen concerns, and which change their master, where they are I know not; but with respect to my own concerns, they are with me, they will be with me; for I indeed possess all that is mine intire and undefiled. Do not therefore ask me what I have lost, but interrogate those who weep and lament; who for the sake of their money opposed their naked bodies to drawn swords, and who fled from the enemy with a burthened bosom." It must, therefore, be

admitted, that this perfect man, who was full of human and divine virtues, lost nothing. His goods were begirt with solid and insurmountable fortifications. You must not compare with these the walls of Babylon, which Alexander entered; nor the walls of Carthage or Numantia, which were captured by one hand; nor the capitol, or the citadel; for these possess an hostile vestige. But the walls which defend the wise man are safe from flames and incursion; they afford no entrance, are unconquerable, and so lofty, that they reach even to the gods.

Nor must it be said that such a wise man as this is no where to be found; since Stilpo, and many other illustrious instances that might be adduced from history, sufficiently prove that this is no vain ornament of human wit. Such a character is indeed rare, and is only to be found in great intervals of ages; for neither is that frequently produced which surpasses the accustomed and vulgar mode. In short, that which injures ought to be more powerful than that which is injured; but vice is not stronger than virtue. The wise man therefore cannot be injured. An injury cannot be attempted against the good except by the bad; for among the good there is peace. But if he only, who is more infirm, can be injured; and the bad man is more infirm than the good; and an injury

cannot be done to the good man except by one unequal to him, injury cannot happen to the wise man. For it is unnecessary to observe, that no man is a good but a wise man. But it may be said, that Socrates was unjustly condemned, and that he received an injury. Here, however, it is necessary to understand, that a man may be a noxious character himself, though he has not injured another. If any one lies with his own wife, as if she were the wife of another, he will be an adulterer, though she will not be an adulteress. Some one may give poison to another, but the poison being mingled with food may lose its power; he who gave the poison is guilty, though it did no injury. He is no less an assassin, whose dagger is eluded by the opposing garment. All wickedness, even prior to its existence in energy, is perfect, so far as is sufficient to the crime. Some things are of that condition, and are so conjoined, that the one cannot be, and, on the contrary, others so subsist, that the one may be, without the other. Thus, a man may move his feet, and yet not run; but he cannot run without moving his feet. A man may be in water, and yet not swim; but he cannot swim without being in water. The condition of what is now discussed is of this kind. If a man receives an injury, it is necessary the injury should be done; but if

the injury is done, it is not necessary that he should receive it; for many things may happen which may remove the injury. Thus, chance may throw down an outstretched hand, and cause a dart when hurled to deviate in its course. Thus some particular thing may repel injuries of whatever kind they may be, and may intercept them in the midst, so as that they may be done, and yet not be received.

Besides, justice can suffer nothing unjust, because contraries do not coalesce; but it is impossible for an injury to be done, without being done unjustly. An injury, therefore, cannot be done to a wise man. Nor is it wonderful that no one can do an injury to him; for neither can any one profit him, nor is any thing wanting to the wise man, which he can receive in the place of a gift. For he who gives, ought to have before he gives; but he has nothing with which, when transferred to himself, the wise man will be delighted. No one, therefore, can either injure or profit the wise man; just as divine natures neither desire to be assisted, nor can be injured; and the wise man is allied to, and similar to divinity. Hence the wise man, ardently tending to divine natures, which are sublime, secure, benignant, and which possess an invariable sameness of subsistence, born for the public good, and salutary both to himself

and others, he will desire nothing groveling, weep for nothing, but, leaning on reason, he will walk through human casualties with a divinely elevated mind. He is not only, indeed, incapable of being injured by man, but also by fortune, who, as often as she engages with virtue, never departs on equal terms. If we receive with an equal and placid mind that greatest of all events, beyond which angry laws, and the most cruel masters, have nothing to threaten, and in which fortune terminates her empire, and if we are convinced that death is not an evil, and therefore no injury, we shall much more easily endure other things, such as losses, pain, ignominy, change of place, and in short whatever is considered as calamitous, all which, though they should surround, yet will not overwhelm the wise man, much less will a single attack of any one of these plunge him in sorrow. And if he bears the injuries of fortune moderately, how much more will he bear those of powerful men, whom he knows to be the hands of fortune.

He will therefore endure every thing, in the same manner as he endures the rigour of winter, the inclemency of the heavens, immoderate heats, diseases, and other casualties of a similar kind. Nor will he judge so favourably of any one, as to conceive that he does any thing from the dictates of intellect, which belongs to the wise man alone.

The actions of all others are not the result of wise deliberation, but are frauds and stratagems, and rude motions of the mind, which he con-numerates with casualties. Add, too, that no one receives an injury with an unmoved mind, but is disturbed by the consciousness of having received it; but the erect man is void of perturbation, is the moderator of himself, and is of a profound and placid quiet. For if an injury could reach him, it would both move and impede him. But the wise man is void of anger, which injury excites. Hence, he is so erect, so elated with continual joy. So far is he from receiving any detriment from the hostile attacks of men and things, that even injury itself is of use to him, through which he derives experience of himself, and tries his virtue. Let not the multitude be indignant that the wise man is excepted from the number of those that are injured; nor let any thing on this account be detracted from their petulance, their rapacious desires, or their temerity and pride. Their vices remaining, let this liberty be given to the wise man. While they are still permitted to do an injury, let it be granted that the wise man gives all injuries to the winds, and defends himself by patience and magnitude of mind. Thus, in sacred contests, many conquered, through wearying by obstinate patience the slaughtering hands of their antagonists. Conceive, therefore, that the wise man ranks

in the number of those, who by long and faithful exercise, have acquired the strength of enduring and fatiguing all hostile power.

With respect to the wise man's endurance of contumely, it must be observed that he cannot be despised by any one; for he knows his own dignity, and confidently announces to himself that it is not in the power of any one to accomplish a thing of such magnitude. Hence, with respect to all those trifling casualties, which may be called, not the miseries, but the molestations of the mind, he is so far from striving to vanquish, that he does not even perceive them. He does not, therefore, employ against these his accustomed virtue of indurance, but either does not notice them, or considers them deserving of laughter. Besides, since a great part of contumelies are caused by the proud and insolent, and by those who bear prosperity badly, the wise man posseses that most beautiful of human goods, by which he is able to reject with scorn that inflated affection—sanity and magnitude of mind: for these rapidly pass by every thing of this kind, as delusive dreams, and nocturnal visions, which contain nothing solid, nothing true. Contumely is denominated from contempt, because no one marks another with an injury of this kind unless he despises him. But no one can despise that which is greater and better than himself,

even though he should do something which despisers are wont to do. For boys sometimes strike the face of their parents, and infants disorder and tear the hair of their mothers, and yet nothing of this kind is called contumely, because those who thus act are unable to despise. In the same manner, therefore, as we are affected towards children, the wise man is affected towards all those who are puerile, even after youth, and hoary hairs: for these only differ from children in the magnitude and form of their bodies. Hence, when he experiences the contempt of these, he will exclaim in the language of Achilles:

"Jove honours me, and favours my designs."

In short, as the wise man knows that the most serious occupations of the multitude are as trifling as the sports of children, he will consider their contumely as a jest, though he will sometimes admonish them as he would children, by punishment, not because he has received an injury, but because they have done one, and in order that they may cease to act injuriously. Thus cattle also are tamed by the whip; yet we are not angry with them when they refuse their rider, but we chastise them in order that pain may subdue their contumacy. Though the wise man, therefore, can neither receive an injury nor contumely, yet he pu-

nishes the injurious and contumelious, not that he may avenge himself, but that he may amend the depravity of these.

And such is the doctrine of the Stoics concerning the wise man's indurance of calamity, who, as they placed felicity in an active life, and consequently did not ascend so high as to the theoretic or contemplative virtues, derived all their arguments for the constancy of the wise man from his possession of the political virtues in consummate perfection. But the Platonists, who justly considered the supreme felicity of man as consisting in the highest intellectual energy, place their wise man on the summit of intellect, as on the top of a lofty citadel, situated beyond the reach of Fortune, and thence behold him contemplating the beatific visions of the luminous world of ideas, and from this survey deriving such an adamantine strength of mind, as to be no more disturbed by calamity, than he who, gazing on the beauty of the heavens while standing on the margin of a river, is agitated when looking down he sees his image distorted in the fluctuating stream. But their doctrine on this subject is as follows:

If felicity consisted in a freedom from sickness and danger, and in never falling into great adversity, no one could be happy while things of such a contrary nature are dependent. But if felicity

consists in the possession of true good, and this is intellectual, why is it requisite, neglecting this, to inquire after other things which ought not to be associated with felicity? For if it is proper that there should be some one end, and not many ends, it is necessary to pursue that alone which is the last and most excellent, and which the soul seeks after as something which may reside in the depths of its essence. But inquiry and will do not tend to the non-possession of this most excellent end; for reason does not choose a declination of things inconvenient from a principal desire of nature; but the principal appetite of the soul is directed to that which is best, with which, when present, it is filled, and enjoys perfect repose: and this is the life which the prime desire of the soul pursues. But that something of necessaries should be present, is not the wish of the soul, if we consider the soul's desire properly, and not according to the abuse of words; since we alone think the presence of these requisite, because to the utmost of our ability we decline from every thing evil. Nor yet is this employment of declination to be principally desired; for it is far more desirable never to want it. The truth of this is sufficiently evident from necessaries when present, such as health, and a privation of pain; for which of these in a wonderful manner attracts the soul to itself? Since it

is usual to neglect present ease and health, and to be unconscious of their possession. But such things as when present possess no gentle attractive power of converting the soul to themselves, cannot add any thing to felicity; and it is reasonable to believe, that things whose absence is caused by the presence of their offending contraries, are necessary rather than good. They are not therefore to be enumerated with the end, but while they are absent, and their contraries succeed, the end of life is to be preserved perfect and intire.

But it may be said, on what account does the wise man desire these to be present, and reject their contraries? Perhaps, not because they confer any thing to felicity, but rather are, in some respects necessary to existence itself in the present state; while their contraries either lead to non-existence, or disturb by their presence, the wise man's enjoyment of the end, at the same time not destroying that end; and because he who enjoys that which is best, desires to possess it alone, and not in conjunction with any thing else. But, though any thing else should occur, it will not take away the end, which is not absent while this is present. And, indeed, though something should happen to the wise man contrary to his desire, he will not on this account lose any part of his felicity; for if this were admitted, he must be

daily changed, and fall from felicity; as when he loses a son, or suffers any loss in his domestic concerns: since there are innumerable accidents which take place contrary to the will, and which detract nothing from the true and invariable end of life. But it may be said, that great adversities only lessen felicity. What, however, is there among human concerns so great, which will not be despised by him who betakes himself to things far more excellent and sublime, and is no longer dependent on such as are subordinate? Hence, in adverse circumstances, the wise man will consider that the nature of the universe is such, that he should bear things of this kind, and that it is requisite he should follow the general order. If, too, he should be led captive, he knows that many in such a situation act better than they did before, and that it is in the power of those who are bound to make themselves free. But if they abide in captivity, they either continue for some particular reason, and in this case there is nothing truly grievous in their condition, or they abide without reason, and in this case it is not proper to be the cause of their own perturbation. Indeed, the wise man is never oppressed with evil, through ignorance of his own concerns, nor changed by the fortunes of others whether prosperous or adverse; but when his pains are vehement, as far as it is pos-

sible to bear, he bears them; and when they are excessive they may cause him to be delirious; yet he will not be miserable in the midst of his greatest pains, but his intellectual light will assiduously shine in the penetralia of his soul, like a lamp secured in a watch-tower, which shines with unremitted splendour, though surrounded by stormy winds and raging seas. But what shall we say, if through the violence of pain, he is just ready to destroy himself? Indeed, if the pain is so vehemently extended, he will, if sensible, consult what is requisite to be done, for in these circumstances the freedom of the will is not taken away. At the same time it must be observed, that things of this kind do not appear to men excellent in virtue so dreadful as to others, nor yet reach to the inward and true man. If any one, however, objects that we are so formed by nature, that we ought to grieve for domestic misfortunes, he should understand that, in the first place all men are not so affected, and in the next place, that it is the business of virtue to reduce the common condition of nature to that which is better, and to something more honest than the decisions of the vulgar. But it is more honest to consider as things of no moment, all that appear grievous to our common nature. For the wise man is not as one rude and unskilful, but, like a strenuous wrestler, vigorously repels

the strokes of fortune, endeavouring to throw his fortitude on the ground; since he knows that such things are displeasing to a common nature, but that to such a nature as his own they are not really grievous, but are terrible only as it were to boys. Hence he contemplates even the slaughter and destruction of cities, the rapine and prey, like the scenes in a theatre, as nothing more than certain transmutations, and alternate changes of figures; and weeping and distress every where as delusive and fictitious. For in the particular acts of human life, he knows it is not the interior soul and the true man, but the exterior shadow of the man alone, which laments and weeps, performing his part on the earth as in a more ample and extended scene, in which many shadows of souls and phantom scenes appear.

But what shall we say when the wise man is no longer himself, in consequence of being overwhelmed with disease? We reply, that if in such a state it is allowed he may retain his proper virtue like one in a deep sleep, what is there to prevent his being happy? Since no one would deprive him of felicity in sleep, nor consider that interval of rest as any hindrance to the happiness of the whole of life. Again, if it is said, how can he be happy, though endued with virtue, while he does not perceive himself virtuous, nor energizes

according to virtue? We reply, though a man does not perceive himself to be healthy, he may nevertheless be healthy: and again, he will not be less beautiful in his body, though not sensible of his beauty; and will a man be less wise if he does not perceive himself to be wise? But perhaps some one may say, that wisdom should be accompanied with sense and animadversion, for felicity is present with wisdom in energy. We reply, if this energy of wisdom was any thing adventitious, there might be some weight in the assertion; but if the subsistence of wisdom is situated in a certain essence, or rather in essence itself, this essence will neither perish in him who is asleep or delirious, or is denied to be any longer conscious of his felicity. And indeed, the energy of this essence resides in the soul of such a one, and is an energy perpetually vigilant; for then the wise man, considered as wise, energizes, whether he be in a dormant state, or overwhelmed with infirmity. But an energy of this kind is not concealed from the whole itself, but rather from some particular part; just as with respect to the vegetable energy in its most flourishing state, an animadversion of such an energy does not transmigrate into the external man by means of a sentient nature; and if we were entirely the same with our vegetable power, there is no doubt but we should ener-

gize whenever such a virtue was in energy. Since, however, the case is otherwise, and we are the energy of that which is intelligent, we energize in consequence of its energy.

Perhaps, indeed, such an energy is concealed from us because it does not reach any sentient power; for to this purpose it should energize through sense as a medium. But why should not intellect energize, and soul about intellect, preceding all sense and animadversion? For it is requisite there should be some energy prior to animadversion, since the energy of intellect is the same with its essence. But animadversion appears to take place when the energy of intellect is reflected; and when that which energizes according to the life of the soul, rebounds, as it were, back again, like images in a smooth and polished mirror quietly situated, so as to reflect every form which its receptacle contains. For as in things of this kind, when the mirror is not present, or is not properly disposed, the energy from which the image was formed is indeed present, but the resemblance absent; so with respect to the soul, when it energizes in quiet, certain resemblances of thought and intellect beam on our imagination, like the images in the smooth and polished mirror; and in a sensible manner, as it were, we acknowledge that our intellect and reason energize toge-

ther with the former knowledge. But when this medium is confounded, because the harmony of the body is disturbed, then intellect and reason understand without an image, and intellection is carried on without imagination. Hence, intelligence may be considered as subsisting together with the phantasy, while, in the mean time, intelligence is something very different from the phantasy. Besides, it is easy to discover many speculations of men when vigilant, and worthy actions, in the performance of which it is evident that we do not perceive ourselves to speculate and act. For it is not necessary that he who reads should be conscious he is reading, especially when he reads with the greatest attention; nor that he who acts vigorously should acknowledge his vigorous energy; and the same consequence ensues in a variety of other operations, so that sensible animadversions appear to render more debile the actions which they attend; but when they are *alone*, they are then pure, and seem to possess more of energy and life. And hence when worthy men live in such a state, it follows that they live in a more perfect manner; since their life is not at that time diffused into sense, and by this means remitted in its energy, but is collected into itself, in one uniform, intellectual tenor.

Nor are the wise man's energies entirely pre-

vented by the changes of fortune, but different energies will take place in different fortunes, yet all of them equally worthy, and those perhaps more worthy which rightly compose jarring externals. The only difference indeed which fortune can effect in his energies is this, that in prosperity he will act *magnificently*, and in adversity *magnanimously*. For the greatest discipline always resides with him, and this more so, though he should be placed in the bull of Phalaris. For what is there pronounced in agony, is pronounced by that which is placed in torment, the external and shadowy man, which is far different from the true man, who, dwelling by himself, so far as he necessarily resides with himself, never ceases from the contemplation of the supreme good.

But he who does not place the wise man in such an exalted intellect, but subjects him to the power of fortune and to the fear of evil, certainly presents us with a mixed character and life, composed from good and evil, and which possesses nothing great, either pertaining to the excellency of wisdom, or the purity of goodness. Felicity, therefore, cannot consist in a common life; and Plato rightly judges that the chief good is to be sought from above; that it must be beheld by him who is wise, and wishes to become happy in futurity; and that he must study to approach to its simili-

tude, and to live its exalted life. It is requisite therefore to possess this alone, in order to obtain the end of life; and the wise man will consider all besides as certain mutations of place, which in reality confer nothing to felicity. In every circumstance of being he will conjecture what is right, and act as necessity requires, as far as his abilities extend. To which we may add, that though he lives a life superior to sense, he will not be hindered from taking a proper care of the body with which he is connected, always acting similar to the musician, who cares for his lyre as long as he is able to use it; but when it becomes useless, and ceases any longer to perform the office of a lyre, he either changes it for another, or abstains entirely from its exercise, having an employment independent of the lyre, and despising it lying near him, as no longer harmonious, he sings without its instrumental assistance. Yet this instrument was not bestowed on the musician from the first in vain, because it has often been used by him with advantage and delight.

THE

PLATONIC PHILOSOPHER'S CREED.

1. I BELIEVE in one first cause of all things, whose nature is so immensely transcendent, that it is even super-essential; and that in consequence of this it cannot properly either be named, or spoken of, or conceived by opinion, or be known, or perceived by any being.

2. I believe, however, that if it be lawful to give a name to that which is truly ineffable, the appellations of *the one* and *the good* are of all others the most adapted to it; the former of these names indicating that it is the principle of all things, and the latter that it is the ultimate object of desire to all things.

3. I believe that this immense principle produced such things as are first and proximate to itself, most similar to itself; just as the heat *immediately* proceeding from fire is most similar to the heat in the fire; and the light *immediately* ema-

nating from the sun, to that which the sun essentially contains. Hence, this principle produces many principles proximately from itself.

4. I likewise believe that since all things differ from each other, and are multiplied with their proper differences, each of these multitudes is suspended from its one proper principle. That, in consequence of this, all beautiful things, whether in souls or in bodies, are suspended from one fountain of beauty. That whatever possesses symmetry, and whatever is true, and all principles are in a certain respect connate with the first principle, so far as they are principles, with an appropriate subjection and analogy. That all other principles are comprehended in this first principle, not with interval and multitude, but as parts in the whole, and number in the monad. That it is not a certain principle like each of the rest; for of these, one is the principle of beauty, another of truth, and another of something else, but it is *simply principle.* Nor is it simply the *principle of beings*, but it is *the principle of principles;* it being necessary that the characteristic property of principle, after the same manner as other things, should not begin from multitude, but should be collected into one monad as a summit, and which is the principle of principles.

5. I believe, therefore, that such things as are produced by the first good in consequence of being connascent with it, do not recede from essential goodness, since they are immoveable and unchanged, and are eternally established in the same blessedness. All other natures, however, being produced by the one good, and many goodnesses, since they fall off from essential goodness, and are not immoveably established in the nature of divine goodness, possess on this account the good according to participation.

6. I believe that as all things considered as subsisting *causally* in this immense principle, are transcendently more excellent than they are when considered as effects proceeding from him; this principle is very properly said to be all things, *prior* to all; *priority* denoting exempt transcendency. Just as number may be considered as subsisting occultly in the monad, and the circle in the centre; this *occult* being the same in each with *causal* subsistence.

7. I believe that the most proper mode of venerating this great principle of principles is to extend in silence the ineffable parturitions of the soul to its ineffable co-sensation; and that if it be at all lawful to celebrate it, it is to be celebrated as a thrice unknown darkness, as the god of all gods,

and the unity of all unities, as more ineffable than all silence, and more occult than all essence, as holy among the holies, and concealed in its first progeny, the intelligible gods.

8. I believe that self-subsistent natures are the immediate offspring of this principle, if it be lawful thus to denominate things which ought rather to be called ineffable unfoldings into light from the ineffable.

9. I believe that incorporeal forms or ideas resident in a divine intellect, are the paradigms or models of every thing which has a perpetual subsistence according to nature. That these ideas subsist primarily in the highest intellects, secondarily in souls, and ultimately in sensible natures; and that they subsist in each, characterized by the essential properties of the beings in which they are contained. That they possess a *paternal*, *producing*, *guardian*, *connecting*, *perfective*, and *uniting* power. That in *divine beings* they possess a power fabricative and gnostic! in *nature* a power fabricative but not gnostic; and in *human souls* in their present condition through a degradation of intellect, a power gnostic, but not fabricative.

10. I believe that this world, depending on its divine artificer, who is himself an intelligible world, replete with the archetypal ideas of all things, is perpetually flowing, and perpetually

vancing to being, and, compared with its paradigm, has no stability, or reality of being. That considered, however, as animated by a divine soul, and as being the receptacle of divinities from whom bodies are suspended, it is justly called by Plato, a blessed god.

11. I believe that the great body of this world, which subsists in a perpetual dispersion of temporal extension, may be properly called a *whole, with a total subsistence*, or a *whole of wholes**, on account of the perpetuity of its duration, though this is nothing more than a flowing eternity. That the other wholes which it contains are the celestial spheres, the sphere of æther, the whole of air considered as one great orb; the whole earth, and the whole sea. That these spheres are *parts with a total subsistence*, and through this subsistence are perpetual.

12. I believe that all the parts of the universe are unable to participate of the providence of divinity in a similar manner, but some of its parts enjoy this eternally, and others temporally; some in a primary and others in a secondary degree;

* As little as the eye of a fly at the bottom of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids sees of the whole of that pyramid, compared with what is seen of it by the eye of a man, so little does the greatest experimentalist see of the whole of things, compared with what Plato and Aristotle saw of it, through scientific reasoning founded on self-evident principles.

for the universe being a perfect whole, must have a first, a middle, and a last part. But its first parts, as having the most excellent subsistence, must always exist according to nature; and its last parts must sometimes exist according to, and sometimes contrary to, nature. Hence, the celestial bodies, which are the first parts of the universe, perpetually subsist according to nature, both the whole spheres, and the multitude co-ordinate to these wholes; and the only alteration which they experience is a mutation of figure, and variation of light at different periods; but in the sublunary region, while the spheres of the elements remain on account of their subsistence, as wholes, always according to nature; the parts of the wholes have sometimes a natural, and sometimes an unnatural subsistence: for thus alone can the circle of generation unfold all the variety which it contains. I believe, therefore, that the different periods in which these mutations happen, are with great propriety called by Plato, periods of *fertility* * and *sterility:* for in these periods a fertility or sterility of men, animals, and plants takes place; so that in fertile periods mankind will be

* The so much celebrated *heroic age* was the result of one of these fertile periods, in which men, transcending the herd of mankind both in *practical* and *intellectual* virtue abounded on the earth.

both more numerous, and upon the whole superior in mental and bodily endowments to the men of a barren period. And that a similar reasoning must be extended to irrational animals and plants. I also believe that the most dreadful consequence attending a barren period with respect to mankind is this, that in such a period they have no scientific theology, and deny the existence of the immediate progeny of the ineffable cause of all things.

13. I believe that as the world considered as one great comprehending whole is a divine animal, so likewise every whole which it contains is a world, possessing in the first place a self-perfect unity proceeding from the ineffable by which it becomes a god; in the second place, a divine intellect; in the third place, a divine soul; and in the last place a deified body. That each of these wholes is the producing cause of all the multitude which it contains, and on this account is said to be a whole prior to parts; because considered as possessing an eternal form which holds all its parts together, and gives to the whole perpetuity of subsistence, it is not indigent of such parts to the perfection of its being. And that it follows by a geometrical necessity, that these wholes which rank thus high in the universe must be animated.

14. Hence I believe that after the immense

principle of principles in which all things casually subsist absorbed in super-essential light, and involved in unfathomable depths, a beautiful series of principles proceeds, all largely partaking of the ineffable, all stamped with the occult characters of deity, all possessing an overflowing fulness of good. That from these dazzling summits, these ineffable blossoms, these divine propagations, being, life, intellect, soul, nature, and body depend; *monads* * suspended from *unities*, deified natures proceeding from deities. That each of these monads is the leader of a series which extends to the last of things, and which, while it proceeds from, at the same time abides in, and returns to its leader. Thus all beings proceed from and are comprehended in the first being; all intellects emanate from one first intellect; all souls from one first soul; all natures blossom from one first nature; and all bodies proceed from the vital and luminous body of the world. That all these great monads are comprehended in the first one, from which both they and all their depending series are unfolded into light. And that hence this first one is truly the unity of unities, the monad of monads,

* *The monad* is that which contains things separated from each other unitedly; just as the inerratic sphere contains the fixed stars. But *the one* is *the summit* of multitude. And hence *the one* is more simple than *the monad*.

the principle of principles, the god of gods, one and all things, and yet one prior to all.

15. I also believe that man is a microcosm, comprehending in himself *partially* every thing which the world contains divinely and *totally*. That hence he is endued with an intellect subsisting in energy, and a rational soul proceeding from the same causes as those from which the intellect and soul of the universe proceed. And that he has likewise an ethereal vehicle analogous to the heavens, and a terrestrial body composed from the four elements, and with which also it is co-ordinate.

16. I believe that the rational part of man, in which his essence consists, is of a self-motive nature, and that it subsists between intellect, which is immoveable both in essence and energy, and nature, which both moves and is moved.

17. I believe that the human as well as every mundane soul, uses periods and restitutions of its proper life. For in consequence of being measured by time, it energizes transitively, and possesses a proper motion. But every thing which is moved perpetually, and participates of time, revolves periodically, and proceeds from the same to the same.

18. I also believe that as the human soul ranks among the number of those souls that *sometimes*

follow the mundane divinities, in consequence of subsisting immediately after dæmons and heroes the *perpetual* attendants of the gods, it possesses a power of descending infinitely into the sublunary region, and of ascending from thence to real being. That in consequence of this, the soul while an inhabitant of earth is in a fallen condition, an apostate from deity, an exile from the orb of light. That she can only be restored while on earth to the divine likeness, and be able after death to reascend to the intelligible world, by the exercise of the *cathartic* and *theoretic* virtues; the former purifying her from the defilements of a mortal nature, and the latter elevating her to the vision of true being. And that such a soul returns after death to her kindred star from which she fell, and enjoys a blessed life.

19. I believe that the human soul essentially contains all knowledge, and that whatever knowledge she acquires in the present life, is nothing more than a recovery of what she once possessed; and which discipline evocates from its dormant retreats.

20. I also believe that the soul is punished in a future for the crimes she has committed in the present life; but that this punishment is proportioned to the crimes, and is not perpetual; divinity punishing, not from anger or revenge, but in

order to purify the guilty soul, and restore her to the proper perfection of her nature.

21. I also believe that the human soul on its departure from the present life, will, if not properly purified, pass into other terrene bodies; and that if it passes into a human body, it becomes the soul of that body; but if into the body of a brute, it does not become the soul of the brute, but is externally connected with the brutal soul in the same manner as presiding dæmons are connected in their beneficent operations with mankind; for the rational part never becomes the soul of the irrational nature.

22. Lastly, I believe that souls that live according to virtue, shall in other respects be happy; and when separated from the irrational nature, and purified from all body, shall be conjoined with the gods, and govern the whole world, together with the deities by whom it was produced.

A

PANEGYRIC ON THE LATE DR. SYDENHAM.

The Translator of some of Plato's Dialogues.

WHILE vulgar souls the public notice claim,
And dare to stand as candidates for fame;
While Sydenham's worth in shameful silence lies,
Who liv'd unnotic'd and neglected dies;
My Muse indignant wakes her dormant fire,
And, rous'd by Friendship, boldly strikes the lyre.
Ye liberal few, who in his footsteps tread,
Rise, and assert the honours of the dead;
Genius sublime; who from barbaric night,
Led Wisdom forth, far beaming heav'nly light;
Whose skill great Plato's elegance commands,
His graces copies and his fire expands.
For this shall future Bards his worth prolong,
Example bright and theme of lib'ral song!
O! hadst thou liv'd in those exalted days,
When Monarchs crown'd Philosophers with bays;

When Alexandria's god-like sons appear'd,
And Truth restor'd, her head majestic rear'd;
Who rose unveil'd perspicuous to the wise,
Though by the vulgar seen in dark disguise:
Then had thy mind with native worth elate,
Shone through the ruins of a falling state;
And far extended Wisdom's endless reign,
O'er Rome's wide-spreading, tottering domain;
Then had thy genius met its just reward,
Awe from the vulgar, and from kings regard;
Then had thy days with plenteous ease been crown'd,
Thy pupils noble, and thy name renown'd;
Thy death lamented through immortal Rome,
And the fair column planted o'er thy tomb.
But doom'd to live where Truth's refulgent light
Yet scarcely glimmers through Oblivion's night;
Where genuine Science scarcely lifts her head,
For ages buried with the mighty dead;
Where Wealth, not Virtue, is the road to Fame;
And ancient Wisdom is an empty name;
Where Plato's sacred page neglected lies,
And words, not things, are studied to be wise.
Here shone thy Wisdom o'er this sea of life,
Rous'd with perpetual storms of grief and strife;
Like some fair lamp whose solitary light,
Streams from a watch-tower through the gloom of night,

And shines secure, though raging waves surround,
Its splendours beaming o'er the dark profound.
Here, while alive, thy genius was alone;
Thy worth neglected, and almost unknown:
Here thy disciples, and thy friends were few;
Nor these all just, magnanimous, and true:
For some whom Heav'n had blest with wealth and pow'r,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour;
While others prais'd thy genius and admir'd,
But ne'er to ease thy wretched state desir'd,
Basely contended Wisdom to receive;
Without a wish its author to relieve.
Such was thy fate, while matters drowsy ties
Held thee an exile from thy native skies.
But now emerg'd from sense, and error's night,
Thy soul has gain'd its ancient orb of light;
Refulgent shines in Truth's immortal plain,
And scorns dull body, and her dark domain.
No gloomy clouds those happy realms assail;
And the calm æther knows no stormy gale;
No vain pretenders there, no faithless friends;
No selfish motives, no ignoble ends.
O! may some spark of Truth's celestial fire,
My breast, like thine, with sacred warmth inspire.
Teach me like thee, with vigour unconfin'd,
To soar from body to the realms of mind;

To scorn like thee, wealth's despicable race,
The vain—the sordid—impudent, and base *.

* These verses first appeared in the General Advertiser in 1787, and were thence copied into most of the evening papers. In republishing them, I found myself under the necessity of making some occasional alterations, the enthusiasm of friendship at the moment having betrayed me into greater panegyric than was strictly conformable to truth. See an account of this unfortunate but excellent scholar in the Introduction to my Plato.

BOETH. DE CONSOLAT. PHILOS.

Lib. III. Met. 9.

O QUI perpetua mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cœlique sator, qui tempus ab ævo
Ire jubes, stabilisque manens das cuncta moveri.
Quem non externæ pepulerunt fingere causæ
Materiæ fluitantis opus, verum insita summi
Forma boni livore carens. Tu cuncta superno
Ducis ab exemplo; pulcrum pulcerrimus ipse
Mundum mente gerens, similique in imagine formans,
Perfectasque jubens perfectum absolvere parteis.
Tu numeris elementa ligas, ut frigora flammis,
Arida conveniant liquidis; ne purior ignis
Evolet, aut mersas deducant pondera terras.
Tu triplicis mediam naturæ cuncta moventem
Connectens animam per consona membra resolvis.
Quæ cum secta duos motum glomeravit in orbeis,

In semet reditura meat, mentemque profundam
Circuit, et simili convertit imagine cœlum.
Tu causis animas paribus, vitasque minores
Provehis, et levibus sublimeis curribus aptans
In cœlum, terramque seris: quas lege benigna
Ad te conversas reduci facis igne reverti.
Da pater augustam menti conscendere sedem,
Da fontem lustrare boni, da luce repertâ
In te conspicuos animi defigere visus.
Disjice terrenæ nebulas et pondera molis,
Atque tuo splendore mica. Tu namque serenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis; te cernere finis,
Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus idem.

The following is a paraphrase of these beautiful lines, which however can only be thoroughly understood by one who is an adept in the philosophy of Plato. See my Translation of, Introduction to, and Notes on, the Timæus of Plato; from which dialogue the doctrine in these lines is derived.

PARENT of nature, venerable mind,
Of pow'r immense, of wisdom unconfin'd;

Whose stable nature free from fate's controul,
By endless reason rules this mighty whole.
Supremely fair, yet not earth's beauteous plains,
But that from which the earth its beauty gains.
The river's beauty when with gentle course
It glides along, or rolls with rapid force;
The beauty of the heav'ns, with all the train
Of stars that glitter on th' ethereal plain;
To thee, great source, their sev'ral beauties owe,
And from thy matchless charms their graces flow.
By thy command through endless ages past,
Time has endur'd, and shall for ever last;
Whose flowing nature without check or stay,
Like some swift stream glides rapidly away:
Unlike thy being, O supremely great,
Which, ever perfect, knows no change of state,
Thee no external causes could induce,
From matter's womb all nature to produce;
Inherent goodness destitute of spleen,
The plan devis'd, and rais'd the beauteous scene.
Hence by a just analogy we find,
A world more perfect in thy sov'reign mind;
Another sun, whose rays divinely bright,
Give to our source of day its vig'rous light;
Another moon, whose fertile beams supply
With mental light an intellectual sky:
For as the substance forms its following shade
So from the world divine this universe was made.

Through such a pattern, great beyond compare,
The perfect world has wholes * complete and fair.
Hence hostile elements no longer fight,
But bound in measure peaceably unite;

* Boethius composed this line—

"*Perfectasque* jubens, *perfectum* absolvere parteis,"

from the following passage in the Timæus of Plato:—Των δε δη τετ[αι]ων εν ολον εκα[σ]τον ειληφεν η του κοσμου συ[σ]ασις. εκ γαρ πυρος παντος, υδατος τε και αερος και γης, συνε[σ]τησεν αυτον ο συνε[σ]ας. τα δε διανοηθεις, πρωτον μεν, ινα ολον οτι μαλι[σ]α ζωον τελειον εκ τελειων των μερων ειη. That is, "The composition of the world therefore, received one *whole* of each of these four natures; for its composing artificer constituted it from *all* fire, water, air, and earth. For by a reasoning process he concluded in the first place, that it would thus be a *whole* animal, in the highest degree *perfect* from *perfect parts*."

The doctrine of these *perfect parts*, or *wholes* of the universe, is of the first importance in the philosophy of Plato, and forms one of the grand articles of belief in the creed of the Platonic philosopher.

Lord Bacon, as I have remarked in the Introduction to my translation of Plato's works, *sagely* observes, "that wings are not to be added to the human intellect, but rather lead and weights; that all its leaps and flights may be restrained. That this is not yet done, but, that when it is, we may entertain better hopes respecting the sciences."—"Itaque hominum intellectui non plumæ addendæ, sed plumbum potius, et pondera; ut cohibeant omnem saltum et volatum. Atque hoc adhuc factum non est; quum vero factum fuerit, melius de scientiis sperare licebit." See the 104th Aphorism of his Novum Organum.

Now this being the case, it may seem wonderful that no one of the numerous *viri summi*, who have written commentaries on this work of Boethius, should have had any conception of

The cold and hot in perfect friendship join,
And moist and dry in firm embrace combine.
Imprison'd thus, the subtle force of heat
In vain aspires to gain its native seat;
And heavy parts of earth in vain may try,
To break the league, and in the centre lie.
From thee the soul derives her triple frame,
Form'd from two natures, *different* and *same*.
Hence, through apt limbs diffus'd, one general soul
Pervades and animates this mighty whole.
While in two orbs its vivid force divides,
And with unerring skill o'er all presides;
The circle *, one of intellectual life,
And one † the boundary of death and strife;
Where mutability maintains her sway
And life immortal rises from decay.

the meaning of these perfect parts; for by inspecting their commentaries, it is obvious they had not. And the wonder is greatly increased when we consider that all these *illustrious* men were *well grounded* at great Grammar Schools, than which no Institutions were ever better devised to *add lead and weights to the human intellect, and restrain all its leaps and flights!*

* This circle is called by Plato in the Timæus, the *circle of sameness*, and is the *dianoetic* part of the soul, or that part that reasons scientifically.

† This circle Plato calls the circle *of difference*, and is that part of the soul that *opines*.

But soon the scatter'd powers together meet,
And in their ancient source again retreat;
The mundane soul in one eternal round,
Encircling in her course the mind profound,
Derives of sov'reign good a large supply,
And in its beauteous image rolls the sky.
From thee proceeds the wide extended train
Of mundane gods o'er Truth's immortal plain;
With ardent love thy glories they survey,
And bask for ever in the dazzling ray.
In order next the dæmon forms appear,
And heroes close the long majestic rear.
By thee fit bodies are to each applied,
And each, with star-like vehicles supplied;
While ev'ry rank a different charge assign'd,
In heaven presides, or is to earth confin'd.
And as from thee proceeds their life divine,
To thee alone their glorious forms incline;
In endless circles round thy beams they run,
Like stars returning to their fontal sun.
O parent of the world, immensely great!
Give me to rise to thy exalted seat;
With ravish'd eyes to view the beauteous store
Of sov'reign good, and trace its wonders o'er.
Give me through intellect's unclouded light,
In thee to fix the piercing mental sight;
To leave the sordid mass of earth behind,
And soar to thee with vigour unconfin'd;

To drink the waters of the life divine;
And with thy own immortal splendours shine.
For since no change thy perfect being knows,
The good alone in thee can find repose.
To view thy glories bursting on the sight,
The principle must be of true delight;
The goal to which, though ignorant, we tend,
And of each restless wish the secret end.
Supporter, ruler, father of mankind,
The path that leads to bliss, the light of mind;
Whose nature is the source whence order flows,
And though it bounds the world no limit knows.

TO THE

ARTIFICER* OF THE UNIVERSE.

TO thee great Demiurgus of the world,
With various intellectual sections bright,
My soul the tribute of her praise shall pay,
Unfeign'd and ardent, mystic and devout.

* According to the theology of Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato, the immediate artificer of the universe is not the ineffable principle of things: and this not from any defect, but, on the contrary, through transcendency of power. For as the essence of the first cause, if it be lawful so to speak, is full of deity, his immediate energy must be deific, and his first progeny must be gods; just as souls are the immediate progeny of one first soul, and natures of one first nature. As the immediate offspring, therefore, of the first cause, are wholly absorbed in deity, and are as it were stamped throughout with the characteristics of the ineffable, so as to be *secondarily* what the first god is *primarily;* and as the universe from its *corporeal* subsistence is not a thing of this kind, it is not the *immediate* progeny of the ineffable. Hence, as the world is replete with all various forms, its immediate artificer is a divine essence characterized by intellect; for intellect is the primary seat of forms. At the same time it must be observed, that among causes which produce from their very essence, whatever the inferior cause pro-

Thee shall she sing, when Morning's rosy beams
Lead on the broad effulgence of the day,
And when the hand of softly-treading Eve
Invests the world with solitary shade.
Artificer, and father of the whole!
With perfect good, and deity replete,
Through which the world perpetually receives
Exhaustless stores of intellectual good.
To thee belongs that all-sustaining power,
Which mind, and soul, and mundane life supports.
To thee, their fabrication bodies owe,
And things the due perfection of their kinds.
Through thee, each part of this amazing whole
Is link'd by Sympathy's connecting hand,
And in the strongest, best proportions join'd;
And the world's various powers and pondrous weights
Are bound by thee in beautiful accord.
By thee, the world is form'd a perfect whole,

duces is also produced by the superior, but the manner in which it proceeds from the superior transcends that in which it proceeds from the inferior. For processions are according to the characteristics of the natures from which they proceed. Hence, as the first principle of things is ineffable and super-essential, all things proceed from him ineffably and super-essentially, and other intermediate causes are necessary to the evolution of things into *distinct* subsistence. See this most interesting of all subjects copiously unfolded in the Introduction to my translation of Plato's works.

From age exempt, unconscious of disease,
And with a shape adorn'd by far the first,
Most simple, most capacious, and the best.
By thee, this *all*, was self-sufficient fram'd,
And with a self-revolving power endu'd;
And motion intellectual owes to thee
Its never-ceasing energy, and life.
From thee, the soul derives her various frame,
Her distribution, and generic forms,
With all th' harmonic reasons she contains.
By thee she's stably seated in the world,
Like a self-motive, and immortal lyre,
The echo of whose life-inspiring sound
Is heard in Matter's dark, rebounding seat.
From thy own nature thou hast fashion'd time,
Whose fleeting essence, rolling without end,
Perpetually proceeds from life to life,
And imitates eternity's abiding state.
But far the most illustrious of thy works
That glorious deity, the Sun, shines forth,
Whose sacred light from thy occult retreats
Was first enkindled; that its nature hence
Might shine exempt from all the mundane gods,
And reign the sov'reign of this lower world.
The stars, heav'n's joyful, ever-wakeful fires,
That roll incessant in harmonic dance,
Own thee, the parent of their splendid frames.
Exalted æther, blossom bright of fire,

From thee derives its eminent abode;
And constant covers, by thy dread command,
Dark Hyle's * fluctuating, boist'rous back,
And hides its unsubstantial naked shape,
Odious and horrid, from the sight of gods.
In intellectual hymns, the glorious choir
Of deathless angels celebrates thy name;
And while one part, with fixt attention views
Thy nature fill'd with intellectual forms,
And thence true beauty's principle collects,
A different part surveys the mundane spheres,
O'er the world's unknown altitude presides,
And e'en to matter's utmost realms extends
The fertile power of ornament divine.
To thee that intellect its being owes,
Which, falling into Lethe's dark abyss,
Is totally diffus'd through every part,
And, plac'd in various forms, preserves the whole;
But when degraded in a terrene form,
And from its parents and its kindred torn,
It then becomes a secondary god,
Is filled with dark oblivion of itself,
And eagerly regards the flowing shades
Of human scenes, ridiculous and vain.
Yet still indignant of their fallen state,
Some vivid rays of heav'nly light remain
In eyes with earth's obscurity suffus'd;

* i. e. Matter.

Some portion still of anagogic power
In miserable captive souls survives,
Through which, emerging from life's bitter waves,
These exiles to thy bosom may return,
From whence at first through mad desire they fell.
Blessed, thrice blessed! who with winged speed
From Hyle's dread voracious barking flies,
And leaving earth's obscurity behind,
By a light leap directs his steps to thee.
Blessed! who after having well fulfill'd
The terms ordain'd by Destiny's decree;
Who, after mighty toils and anxious cares,
At length surveys in intellectual paths
A depth resplendent with a light divine.
Great is the labour for the captive soul
To soar on high with all her ruffled wings
Of anagogic, intellectual loves.
But thou, O king, th' impulsive power confirm,
Which bears me up to intellectual light,
And truth's intelligible plain unfold,
Divinely lucid, and with bliss replete.
O! haste my flight from all material forms,
That I may drink of perfect beauty's streams,
And rise to mystic union with its fount;
For thus my nature shall be all divine,
And deity in deity exult.

Φευγωμεν σὺν νευσι φίλην ες πάτριδα γαιαν.

Iliad. lib. ii. v. 140.

The following is a Parody on the above Verse.

HASTE, let us fly and all our sails expand,
To gain our dear, our long-lost native land.
Yet say what stars our guiding lights shall be,
What ships transport us o'er th' unmeasur'd sea?
In vain ships fly, and stars illume the night,
Mind is our native land, and this our leading light.

Ως εφατ' ευχομενος, του δ' εκλυε Φοιβος Απολλων·
Βη δε κατ' ουλυμποιο καρηνων χωομενος κηρ
Τοξ' ωμοισιν εχων, αμφηρεφεα τε φαρετρην.
Εκλαγξαν δ' αρ οϊστοι επ' ωμων χωομενοιο,
Αυτου κινηθεντος· ο δ' ηϊε νυκτι εοικως·
Εζετ' επειτ' απανευθε νεων, μετα δ' ιον εηκε·
Δεινη δε κλαγγη γενετ' αργυριοιο βιοιο.

Iliad lib. i. v. 43, &c.

A Translation of the above Lines.

THUS pray'd the priest, Apollo Phœbus heard,
And from Olympus' lofty summits swift,
Enraged descended. On his shoulders hung
His bow and well-clos'd quiver, and his darts

Resounding rattled as he fiercely past.
Like night the god mov'd on, then from the ships
Apart, his arrow sent, and as it flew,
Dire was the clangor of his silver bow.

On my attempting to unfold in English the Depths *of Plato's Philosophy.*

VENT'ROUS I tread in paths untrod before,
And depths immense, and dazzling heights explore;
Anxious from Error's night to point the way
That leads to Wisdom's everlasting day.
To check my flight in vain *blind Folly* * tries,
For Heav'n my friend, I conquer as I rise.

* In the shape of the *venal critic*, or *literary sharper*. But,

Like bubbles on a ditch *such critics* borne,
Now rise, now break, and to the ditch return.

C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer, Dean Street, Fetter Lane.

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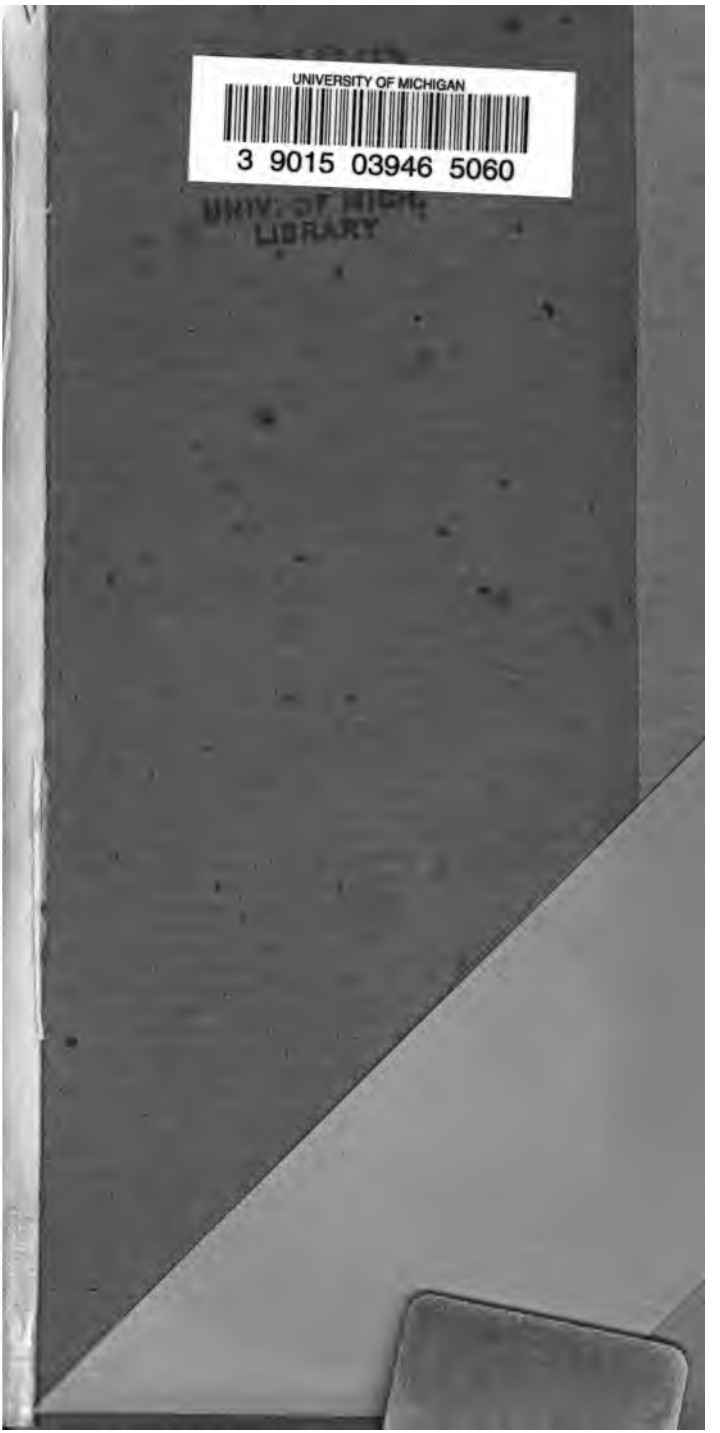
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